

Silver City Sentinel.

VOLUME XX.

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1894.

NO. 53

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WILLIAMS & GILBERT.
Physicians and Surgeons.
Office just door to Broadway Hotel.
SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

Societies.
O. O. F.
Silver City Chapter No. 2, O. O. F. Meets every 1st and 3rd Tuesday in each month at Masonic Hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited.
W. R. FAIRBANKS, Sec.

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Official Directory.

Mayor.
J. A. Ashley.
City Clerk.
J. A. Ashley.
Recorder.
J. A. Ashley.
Assessor.
J. A. Ashley.
Comptroller.
J. A. Ashley.
Police Judge.
J. A. Ashley.
Coroner.
J. A. Ashley.
Deputy Sheriff.
J. A. Ashley.
Marshal.
J. A. Ashley.
Notary Public.
J. A. Ashley.

County Clerk.
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County Notary Public.
J. A. Ashley.

County Surveyor.
J. A. Ashley.
County Engineer.
J. A. Ashley.
County Architect.
J. A. Ashley.
County Physician.
J. A. Ashley.
County Surgeon.
J. A. Ashley.
County Dentist.
J. A. Ashley.
County Pharmacist.
J. A. Ashley.

County Teacher.
J. A. Ashley.
County Librarian.
J. A. Ashley.
County Musician.
J. A. Ashley.
County Painter.
J. A. Ashley.
County Carpenter.
J. A. Ashley.
County Blacksmith.
J. A. Ashley.
County Saddler.
J. A. Ashley.

County Tailor.
J. A. Ashley.
County Shoemaker.
J. A. Ashley.
County Hatter.
J. A. Ashley.
County Jeweler.
J. A. Ashley.
County Optician.
J. A. Ashley.
County Druggist.
J. A. Ashley.
County Baker.
J. A. Ashley.

County Confectioner.
J. A. Ashley.
County Florist.
J. A. Ashley.
County Stationer.
J. A. Ashley.
County Printer.
J. A. Ashley.
County Bookbinder.
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THE BREATH OF THE FURZE.

The breath of the furze came over the hill
On a moonlight night when the cold was still.
From the tall bank where the golden daisies
That spring has built on the upward daisies
And blossoms, all dimly seen
In a mass of gold and a mass of green.
It seemed to me the world's delight
A fragrant message from the night.

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CONCERNING HAPPINESS.

Suppose that a man has strong in-
tellectual tastes, a love of art or sci-
ence or literature. He will require, of
course, enough wealth to enable him
to devote himself without anxiety
to his favorite pursuits, and enough,
moreover, to train himself in all
regulate knowledge. But, granting this,
the material conditions of happiness
will be sufficiently fulfilled. I think it
was Agassiz who observed, when he was
devoting himself to science, that he had
not time to get rich. Wealth, to him,
would have been an impediment rather
than an advantage.

A man like Faraday, who placed
his whole happiness in the extension
of scientific knowledge and was not
less honored because he lived upon a
modest income would not have had a
greater amount of that kind of hap-
piness had he possessed the wealth of
a Rothschild. A man whose pleasure
is in reading books, or contemplating
works of art, or listening to music, can
obtain the highest enjoyment at a
very moderate price and can get a
very little more if he has the most
unbounded wealth at his disposal. If
we inquired what men of such tastes
had, in fact, derived from them the
greatest happiness, we should, I
fancy, find ourselves mentioning men
comparatively poor, whose enjoy-
ments were even comparatively keen,
because they had to devote a certain
amount of care and anxiety to the
obtaining of their necessities.

Charles Lamb, plotting and con-
tributing to get an old volume from a
bookstore, possibly got more pleasure
from his taste than the possessor
of a gigantic library. The sociable
man, again, the man whose pleasure
is in society in the genuine de-
light in a real interchange of thought
and sympathy, who does not desire
magnificent entertainments, but the
stimulus of intimate association with
congenial friends, would probably
find the highest pleasure in comparatively
simple social strata, where the display of wealth was
no object and men met as Johnson met
his friends at the club, to put mind
fairly to mind and to stimulate in-
tellectual activity instead of consum-
ing the maximum of luxury.

Milton's sonnet to Lawrence gives
perhaps a rather severe but a very
fascinating ideal of refined luxury:
What next repeat shall feed us, light and
choler,
Of little taste with wine, whence we may
Toe the last will touch of artful rosy
Wine immortal sauce and Pegasus air
It was of these delights can judge and spare
To interpose them is not vain.

Nor need we be accused of inordi-
nate boasting if we should say that
we would rather have made a third
stitch a feast than have joined a
dozen rowdy courtiers at the table of
Charles II.—National Review.

Every one who has ever made a
close study of Mr. Reed's characteris-
tics of face has noticed that he
nourishes a very small mustache.
Everything about Mr. Reed is large
but the hirsute ornament of his upper
lip. Yet the man from Maine is
proud of it, like a mother of her
pampered offspring.

Once upon a time the ex-speaker
was taking his family to a neighbor-
ing town and entered the railroad
station to purchase tickets. He pulled
out a large bill, paid for his tickets
and walked away without taking the
change.

He had been seated in the train
but a short time when the conductor
approached him.
"Did you leave your change at the
ticket station?" he asked.
Mr. Reed suddenly recollected that
he had.
"The ticket agent who sold you the
tickets," said the conductor, "dis-
tributed you as a very large man with
a smooth face."

"And a mustache!" put in Mr. Reed.
"No," said the conductor, "he
didn't say anything about a mustache.
I guess he didn't see it."

McLELLAN'S BRAVERY.

General McClellan had the reputa-
tion of being an exceedingly delicate
and officer, but in an emergency he
could act with quick wit and presence
of mind. The most critical moment
of his life was when he was con-
demned to death by an Indian council.

It was after the Mexican war, when
he was employed as a topographical
engineer in surveying the Pacific
coast. From his headquarters at
Vancouver he had gone south to the
Columbia river with two compan-
ions, a soldier and a servant.

One evening he received word that
the chiefs of the Columbia river
tribes desired to confer with him.
From the messenger's manner he
suspected that the Indians meant
wischief. He warned his compan-
ions that they must be ready to leave
camp at a moment's notice. Mount-
ing his horse, he rode boldly into the
Indian village.

About 30 chiefs were holding coun-
cil. McClellan was led into the circle
and placed at the right hand of
Sallote. He was familiar with the
Chinook jargon and could under-
stand every word spoken in the coun-
cil.

Sallote made known the grievance
of the tribes. Two Indians had been
captured by a party of white pioneers
and hanged for theft. Retaliation
for this outrage seemed indispensable.
The chiefs pondered long, but had
little to say. McClellan had been on
friendly terms with them and was
not responsible for the forest ex-
ecutions. Still he was a white man, and
the chiefs had vowed vengeance
against the race.

The council was prolonged for
hours before sentence was passed, and
then Sallote, in the name of the
head man of the tribes, decreed that
McClellan should immediately be put
to death in retaliation for the hang-
ing of the two Indian thieves.

McClellan had said nothing. He
had known that argument and pleas
for justice or mercy would be of no
avail. He had met motionless, appar-
ently indifferent to his fate. By his
glutenness he had thrown his cap-
tivity of their guard.

When the sentence was passed, he
acted like a man. Flinging his left
arm around the neck of Sallote, he
whipped out his revolver and held it
close to the chief's temple.
"Revolve that sentence, or I shall
kill you this instant!" he cried, with
his fingers clicking the trigger.
"I revoke it!" exclaimed Sallote,
fairly white with fear.

"I must have your word that I can
leave this council in safety."

AMONG THE FINEST PROSE.

Ruskin's glowing description of the
Gothic architecture of the Colosseum
is one of the two instances cited by
Rev. Charles Kingsley, himself a writer
of much power and beauty, as the finest
examples known to him of modern
prose. It is the ending of "The
Lamp of Beauty" in "The Seven
Lamps of Architecture." This it
reads:

"I remember well how, when a
boy, I used to deprecate the Campanile
Gothic at Florence and think it meanly
smooth and finished. But I have
since lived beside it many a day and
looked out upon it from my windows
by sunlight and moonlight, and I
shall not soon forget how profound
and gloomy appeared to me the sav-
ageness of the northern Gothic, when
I stood beneath the front of Salisbury."

"The contrast is indeed strange, if
it could be quickly felt, between the
rising of those gray walls out of their
quiet, swarded space, like dark and
harren rocks out of a green lake,
with their rude, moldering, rough
grained shafts and triple lights, with-
out tracery or other ornament than
the martins' nests in the height of
them, and that bright, smooth, sunny
surface of glowing Jasper, those spir-
al shafts and fairy traceries, so
white, so faint, so crystalline that
their slight shapes are hardly traced
in darkness on the pallor of the east-
ern sky, that serene height of moun-
tain alabaster, colored like a morning
cloud and chased like a seashell."

"And if this be, as I believe it, the
model and mirror of perfect architec-
ture, is there not something to be
learned by looking back to the early
life of him who raised it? I said that
the power of the human mind had its
growth in the wilderness. Much
more must the love and the concep-
tion of that beauty, whose every line
and hue we have seen to be, at the
best, a faded image of God's daily
work and an arrested ray of some
star of creation, be given chiefly in
the places which he has gladdened
by planting there the fir tree and the
pine. Not within the walls of Flor-
ence, but among the faraway fields
of his hills, was the child trained
who was to raise that headstone of
beauty above the towers of watch
and war."

"Remember all that he became,
count the sacred thoughts with which
he filled the heart of Italy, ask those
who followed him what they learned
at his feet, and when you have num-
bered his labors and received their
testimony, if it seems to you that God
has really poured out upon his ser-
vant no common nor restrained por-
tion of his spirit, and that he was in-
deed a king among the children of
men, remember also that the legend
upon his crowns was that of David's,
"I took thee from the sheepcote and
from following the sheep."

The compiler of a really reliable
and comprehensive code is met at the
outset of his undertaking by a diffi-
culty that so far has defied all at-
tempts at solution beyond a certain
point. Despite the fact that the rules
of the cable companies permit him to
lay under contribution eight lan-
guages, the total number of words
that can be used with safety for cod-
ing purposes is only about 150,000.
The reasons for this are twofold.

First, the companies decline to per-
mit the use of any code word of more
than 10 letters, and it is dangerous to
employ those having less than seven,
owing to the difficulty of detecting an
error in short words. Further, thou-
sands, nay, hundreds of thou-
sands of words, are rejected because
of the similarity of the telegraphic
symbols that make up the letters.

Figures are rarely telegraphed.
The possibility of noting an error in
a group of arbitrary figures is very
remote. Should a letter or two be
"jumbled" in a code word there are
various ways of correcting the mis-
takes—the sense, the context and the
reference to the code. But these
guides do not apply to the cases of
figures. The only remedy for a sus-
pected error is a repetition of the
message at an enhanced cost of 50
per cent. Numbers therefore are ex-
pressed by a code word. Errors in
the transmission of amounts of money
are very rare. A banker's code
contains words for every possible
sum of money, from a halfpenny up
to hundreds of thousands of pounds,
and the authors have exhibited great
ingenuity in making a limited supply
of words do very extensive service.
—Chambers' Journal.

"I have just answered," said the
woman who is struck with an idea
every once in a while, "why it is
that the man don't want us to vote."
"Why is it?" said her visitor.
"Well, it's too much to expect that
a man should agree with his wife in
politics."



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
A cream of tartar baking powder,
highest of all in leavening strength.
—Latest United States Govern-
ment Food Report.
Royal Baking Powder Co., Ltd. Wall St., N. Y.

What the Doctor is.
Let any one who has life in the
balance try to realize what he would
like his doctor to be and to know. It
does not need a vivid imagination in
any man to conceive how much he
depends on his doctor's knowledge, on
his skill and on his experience. It is
a trite question, "What is life with-
out health?" Few persons but have
had its truth vividly before their
minds when in pain or weakness.
One's doctor may make all the dif-
ference whether life is worth living
or not. He is welcome when no one
else is admitted.

Not only his knowledge and skill
and practical resource, but his tone
of mind, his honor, his courage, his
sympathy and his innate power of
inspiring confidence may make a vast
difference to any of us, a difference
it may be between sanity and insan-
ity, between sanity and competence,
or even between life and death.

Few realize how much they are de-
pendent on the sense of duty and the
honor of the doctor apart from his
professional skill. What do they
know about the effects of the power-
ful drugs he gives? How can they
detect or counteract his mistakes?
Their bodies and their lives are in
his hands far more absolutely than
are the lives and fortunes of his sub-
jects in the power of any eastern
despot.—Scottish Review.

The lodges of the Crow show
their prosperity. They are larger
and better than those of the plains
tribes, and a few are left of the old
fashioned skinmade kind, which are
almost as warm as log houses. The
flour Crow lodges are really tur-
tles. Some of them are 30 or 35 feet
in diameter and very high in propor-
tion. With an inner lining of some
bright figured cloth, good bedding,
rugs and sometimes carpeted almost
to the firehole, with a profusion of
fine woven bags from the Flatheads,
elkskin furs and various richly orna-
mented, these lodges are comfortable
in the extreme and are usually kept
very clean.

Of course only the richer Indians
own and maintain such lodges as
these, most of their poorer brethren
living very negligently and miser-
ably. The worst of them, however,
live more cleanly than any other tribe
we have ever seen.—Aurum Post.

An Act of Heroism.
On one occasion General Lee, while
making an observation, stopped to a
somewhat exposed position to secure
a better view and thus stood for a
moment at personal risk, when Gen-
eral Grant, who was in the party,
quietly stepped before General Lee,
without obscuring his view, and re-
mained thus covering the body of
his superior until the fieldpiece was
lowered and the danger over—a sim-
ple, quiet act, but showing cool
courage and self-sacrificing spirit.

The excitement of a battle is a rare
thing in our life. It is of so great in-
terest. The London Lancet describes a narrow-
escape from death by this form of hero-
ism, which was experienced by a dis-
tinguished surgeon of Louisville, who had
gone to visit a patient in a neighboring
town. He was overtaken by a thunder-
storm, and what he described as a ball
of fire descended upon and rebounded
for some time unconscious.

On coming to himself he found that
the cloth of his umbrella which he had
been holding was completely burned off
its steel framework, the metal being
twisted into every shape. His attention
to his safety in the circumstance that the
explosion had not been fatal. Had it
been of metal he would have been instan-
taneously killed.—Chambers' Journal.

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MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. First
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